
SONGS, &c.
IN THE
CAPTIVE OF SPILBURG.

PRICE SIXPENCE.

Drury Lane
1798

CAPITALE OF SHILBURG



SONGS, DUETS,
AND
CHORUSES,
IN THE
CAPTIVE OF SPILBURG.

Canalla

Spilberg

A

MUSICAL DRAMA;

IN TWO ACTS,

Written by Prince Hoare Esq

AS PERFORMED AT THE

Theatre-Royal, Drury-Lane.

THE MUSIC

COMPOSED BY

DUSSEK.

London:

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1798.

CAPTIVE OF SPILBURG.

Korowitz, a Bohemian Nobleman... Mr. Barrymore.
Canzemar, his Nephew Mr. Kelly.
Kourakin, in the service of Korowitz. Mr. Bannister, Junr.
Mirkoff, Servant to Canzemar Mr. Suett.
Liebkoff, Servant to Korowitz Mr. Caulfield.
Iwan, Son to Korowitz..... Miss Benson.

<i>Officers of the Emperor's Guards</i> ..	{	Mr. Maddocks, Mr. Trueman.
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Eugenia, Wife to Kerowitz Mrs. Crouch.
Moela, a Peasant of Spilburg Mrs. Bland.

Soldiers, Peasants, Servants, &c. &c.

SCENE. The Castle of Spilburg in Bohemia.



THE
CAPTIVE OF SPILBURG.

ACT I

SCENE.—*Forest near the Castle of Spilburg.*

DUET. CANZEMAR and MIRHOFF.

Hush'd in a stilly silence round,
All nature breathless seems to lie;
Save where, athwart the gloom profound,
The flick'ring vapours scare the eye.

Canz. Coragio!—Mirhoff!—follow!—hark!
I voices hear.

Mir. Owls in the dark.

Canz. Hush! listen! some one whispers near.

Mir. A bat; I felt him brush my ear.

Canz. Onward, onward—prithee, faster—

Mir. Draw your rapier, noble master!

Canz. What! when nothing's here to fight?

Mir. That *nothing* gives me most affright,
When 'tis night.

Canz. Whither will this forest lead?

Mir. Master, take heed!

Canz. All is ruin'd here, and bare.

Mir. Master, beware!

Canz. Something touches at my head—

Mir. Oh, lud! we're dead.

<i>Canz.</i> Shades of night, so fond to cover	} {	<i>Mir.</i> If fairies or goblins
Projects of the vent'rous lover!—		should catch us
Gently courted, now to me,		Or devils come hi-
Shades of night, propitious be!	} {	ther to fetch us!

Mir. Good master, beware! In the dead of the
night,
Each *nothing* I meet, puts me all in a
fright.

Canz. What's yonder?

Mir. Oh, comfort! a man with a light.

Both. Hope, like to yonder sparkling light,
That cheers the lonely dwelling,
Wakes in my heart her visions bright,
All anxious fears dispelling.

AIR. KOURAKIN.

I.

I've lov'd so many a maiden fair,
 Of names that so much vary,
 I scarcely know which caus'd my care,
 Or Fanny, Bess, or Mary ;
 But happy I ! for not a thing
 Can meet me so contrary,
 That will not make me think and sing
 Of Fanny, Bess, or Mary.
 With a heigho ! heigho !

II.

I always was, from boy to man,
 Well pleas'd to toy with any—
 Now if a lady flap her fan,
 Why—straight I think on Fanny—
 Dear Fanny I remember yet,
 No lass so smart and pretty—
 But if you offer me a bet,
 Why—then I think on Betty.
 With a heigho ! heigho !

III.

Then Betty she is all my theme,
 So round, so plump, and jolly ;
 But if I hear a Parrot scream—
 It makes me think on Polly.
 Thus happy I ! while scarce a thing
 Can meet me so contrary,
 That will not make me think and sing
 Of Fanny, Bess, or Mary.
 With a heigho ! heigho !

TRIO. CANZEMAR, MIRHOFF, and MOOLA.

Mool. Of the gong, of the gong, firs, I'll tell you
the meaning,

Its meaning by day, and its meaning by
night,

But if it call me, firs, while I am ex-
plaining,

Away, in an instant, I go like a sprite.
In the morn, when my master first strikes
on the gong

One—bome--- its for *silence*, we all think
that wrong.

Mir. What! silence the women?

Mool. We all think it wrong.

When his dinner is serv'd, a loud thun-
dering blow

Sends every one out of his sight in a
minute,

And at night, when to bed he commands
us to go ;

Ding dongy, ding dongy—

Mir. (*yawns*) There's conjuring in it.

Mool. From the gong thus we learn all our mas-
ters' behests,

To wake, or to sleep---

Mir. (*aside*) Or to murder the guests. (*gong*)

Mool. Hark! hark! there's good tidings!

Mir. Pray what may they be?

Mool. His supper's now ready, and after sup we.

Mir. (*aside*) For the last time, in this world!

Mool. How pleasant we'll be!

(*gong*) Hark! ——— good b'ye.

Canz. and Mir.

Whither now?

Mool.

I must go, no delaying---

Canz. and Mir.

Nay, a moment---

Mool.

I dare not---

*Mir.*Go on, you were saying--- (*gong*)*ool. Canz.*

{ No, no, you }

hear the wrong sounds;

d Mir.

{ Aye, aye, we }

I dare not speak or tarry,

Tis fortunate no gong sounds,

When we're inclin'd to marry.

AIR. MOOLA.

When the shepherds ask my hand, Sir,

Little heed I of their pain;

With a curtsy I make answer---

Thank'ye, Sir--but call again---

For I have vow'd to wear the willow,

Willow, willow;

Thank'ye, Sir, I'll wear the willow,

Willow, willow.

But when feigning's o'er, believe me,

Hand and heart I'll give my swain;

And, if false, he shou'd deceive me,

Try my Fortune o'er again:

I have no heart to wear the willow,

Willow, willow;

Thank'ye, Sir, I'll wear no willow,

Willow, willow.

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Willow, willow.

AIR. EUGENIA.

First Stanza.

Sad Zelma mourn'd her lov'd Haroun,
 Her gallant warrior,—lost so soon!
 His fun, alas! was fet ere noon.

Second Stanza.

Oh, cheering hope! Oh, faithful guide!
 Thou, too, art gone, the captive cried,
 Then fainting, stoop'd to earth, and died.

DUET. KOÛRAKIN and MOOLA.

I.

Mool. When you and I, love, married are,
 And hearts and hands entwine;
Kour. Oh, how we'll make the neighbours stare,
 So smart! so gay! so fine!
Mool. When song and carol sweetly sound,
 We'll bear away the bell:
Kour. And when we dance a merry round,
 There's none shall dance so well.
Both. When you and I, love, married are, &c.

II.

Mool. The lads are always teasing me,
 And strive my heart to win;
Kour. Let other girls their sweethearts be,
 And thine be Kourakin!
Mool. The lasses all, whene'er you call,
 Look round with smiling eyne;
Kour. But marry they with whom they may,
 Moulina shall be mine.
Both. When you and I, love, &c.

SCENE. *A large Hall.*

CHORUS.

Come, neighbours, to the hall!
Come, come, come, come along!
'Tis the bridegroom doth call,
Strike up the cheerful song!
Tripping, tripping o'er the ground,
Lightly, neatly,
Gaily, featly,
Dance a merry, merry round!

Bring along the flowing bowl,
And right jolly we will be;
Let us welcome mirth and glee,
And our catches blithely troll!
Tripping, tripping o'er the ground,
Lightly, neatly,
Gaily, featly,
Dance a merry, merry round.

ACT II.

SCENE. *The Castle.*

AIR. MOOLA.

In poor one's ne'er let Envy rise,
 Or love of wealth allure,
 Since wealth can close no wakeful eyes,
 No wounds of sorrow cure.
 A conscience pure still let me keep,
 To make my slumbers light,
 And when I lay me down to sleep,
 Bid ev'ry care *good night*.

II.

Contentment, like the tranquil dove,
 Rests on my couch at eve,
 Nor shall, when near me sleeps my love,
 My humble pillow leave;
 For there we'll let no discord creep,
 To break our slumbers light;
 But, when we lay us down to sleep,
 With from the heart *good night*.

AIR. CANZEMAR.

Oh, cruel Fortune! busy thou
 To mock the constant heart,
 To bind the cold, the joyless vow,
 And plighted love to part!

CHORUS. *Officer, KOROWITZ, CANZEMAR,
Soldiers, &c.*

A March.

Chorus. Where wrongs oppress, or helpless for-
rows cry,
Imperial Justice darts her sleepless eye;
And 'midst the murky shades of low'ring
night,
Tracks, undeceiv'd, the murd'ers secret
flight.

Off. Order! Arms!

Canz. Ring out th' alarm!

Bid ev'ry faithful vassal arm!

(reads) "Our Sov'reign's mandate at your hands
"The Baron Korowitz demands."

Kor. Behold him!

Chorus. Hence with us away!

Kor. I yield!

Chorus. He yields, and all obey.

Canz. Yet grant a few moments! Oh, grant to

(to Off.) my pray'r,

At parting, one friendly farewell!

(to Kor.) Now speak what your pleasure

(to Off.) to yield we prepare;

(to Kor.) Your purpose these moments may tell.

Chorus. Away with this trifling! our orders are
clear:

Canz. Yet speak--*(to Kor.)*

Off. Come away! we are loiterers here.

Canz. How wildly in his mien confest,
The stormy passions tear his breast!

Off. Away! this instant hence away!

All. He yields---he yields---and all obey---
Away this instant! hence, away!

AIR. EUGENIA.

Souterrain within the Castle of Spilburg.

Rest, gentle sleep, on *Iwan's* eyes,
That witness not a mother's woes!
Nor let him mark my heaving sighs,
Nor view my grief, that silent flows!

I'll not bedew that glowing cheek
With tears, that fall, dear boy, for thee,
Lest, falling, they thy slumbers break,
And teach thee how to weep for me.

AIR AND CHORUS.

Eug. What sounds are those? above, around,
Increasing murmurs shake the ground.

Chorus. (*without*) *Eugenia!*

Eug. Listen! Whence that sound?
'Twas but the shrill resounding shore,
Or haply, but the fullen roar,
Of hollow wintry wind.

Chorus. *Eugenia!*

Eug. Listen, Iwan! hear!
Was't not a voice that met my ear,
Sweet voice of human kind?
'Twas but some houseless bird, that flies
Amid the menace of the skies,
To seek these caverns drear;
'Twas but the lightning, flashing bright
Athwart the lonely gloom of night;
No human aid is near!

Chorus. *Eugenia!*

Eug. Here!

Chorus. She's found!--She's found!
Our labours with success are crown'd!
Canz. *Eugenia!* lift thy heart to joy!
Safety's at hand.

Eug. Oh! save my boy!
Oh, pow'r supreme, my child defend!
Oh! hear a mother's pray'r!
Let him to light, to life ascend,
Beneath thy guardian care!

Canz. { She's found!--She's found! Our sorrow
 ends!
and { *Eugenia,* lift thy heart to joy!
Chor. { Behold! around thee all are friends,
 Who guard thy life; who save thy boy!

AIR AND CHORUS.

FINAL CHORUS.

Hope, thy genial ray we feel,

Charming ev'ry care to rest:

Lo! returning pleasures steal

Gently o'er her heaving breast!

Loudly now let transport swell!

Notes of joy our rapture tell!

While the vaulted caves around

Echo back the welcome sound.

Eng. Bright those eyes with mercy beam!

Once again I clasp my boy!

Cease, my soul, thy fearful dream;

Waken to the voice of joy!

Chorus. While the vaulted caves around

Echo back the welcome sound!

Loudly now, &c.



